

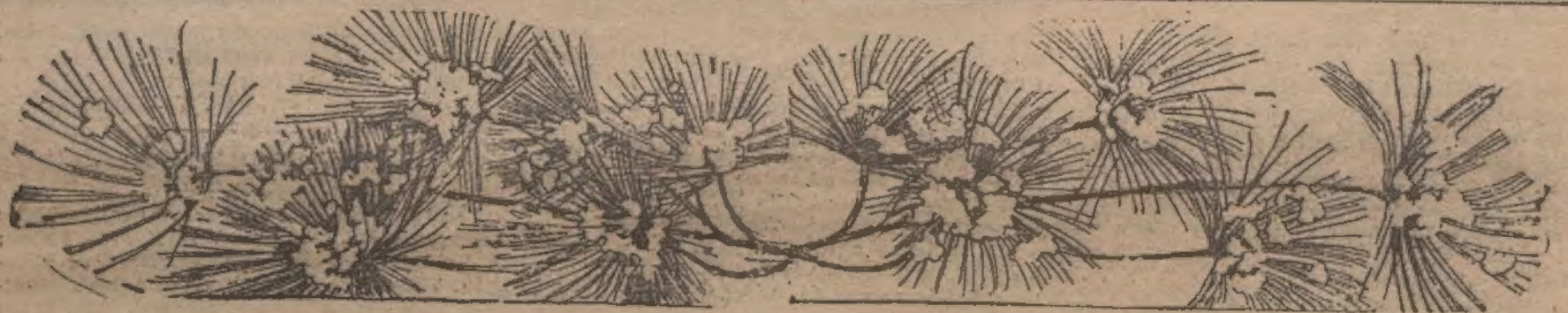
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 52

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 25, 1908.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.



The New Year.

By Ernest G. Wellesley Wesley.

Upon the threshold of the year we stand—
Not knowing what one day may bring;
Yet trusting in the guidance of His hand,
Our faith its song of hope doth sing:
' Submitting to His will,
In love we rest, so still. '

Should clouds arise; should darkness shroud the sky;
Though day as night becomes, and fear
Our soul assaults—His Love and Life are nigh,
And Christ our Comfort is so near.
The night shall change to day;
All fear shall flee away.

We travel on as step by step is known—
His wisdom hides but what He wills.
What He would have us see is fully shown,
As He, His purposes fulfils.
Each step of faith He guides,
And with us e'er abides.

What bringeth the New Year? We know not yet:
Our Leader all the path doth see;
And let us ne'er in faithlessness forget
That He doth wait our Light to be
His will is ever best:
His paths all lead to rest

—Morning Star.



A New Year Prayer.

(Jeannette McMillan, in the 'Intelligencer'.)

Another year ahead!
We may not know this New Year Day,
What it contains for us,
But we can humbly, truly pray—
Lord, all the days to come
Be clouds ahead, or sunshine bright,
Keep us, oh, keep us true,
Honest, and loyal in Thy sight!
Honest in all our work,
We do for Thee, dear Lord, above;
Loyal in every way
To the Master whom we love:
Keep us from every thought,
Or action mean, or unkind word,
Any disloyalty,
To those we love, who also serve:
Grant that our daily tasks
May show to Thee and all with whom we
have to do,
That we are honest, brave,
Loyal to Thee and ever true.

The Master's Hand on the Harp.

A strange instrument hung on an old castle wall, so the legend runs. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it wondered what it was, and how it had been used. Then, one day, a stranger came to the castle gate and entered the hall. His eye saw the dark object on the wall, and taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his own.

It is but a legend, yet the meaning is plain. In every human soul there hangs a marvelous harp, dust-covered, with strings broken, while yet the Master's hand has not found it. Is your soul-harp hanging silent on the wall? Have you learned the secret of glad, happy days?

Open your heart every morning to Christ. Let him enter and repair the strings which sin has broken, and sweep them with his skilful fingers, and you will go out to sing through all the day. Only when the song of God's love is singing in our hearts are we ready for the day.—J. L. Miller.

Postal Crusade.

Beginning with February 1909 we wish to send out papers to many whose names we have been forced to drop from our list. Will all who can, send us amounts large or small to help send the latest papers direct from the office. Eighty-two (.82) cents covers the expense of sending 50 copies of the 'Messenger' in the year. You can be a foreign literary missionary in India and preach by type every week just by sending that small amount.

If you have clean carefully kept copies of the 'Messenger,' you can send them direct to India, but be sure to remember to post on the full postage of one cent for every two ounces, and wrap the bundle well in stout paper, or you will hinder instead of helping.

It would be a great blessing if the postage could be reduced between Canada and India, and also between Britain and India. Until that is done we must carry a heavy burden.

Address all communications to Mrs. Edwards-Cole.

Received from Mrs. Mary Holden... \$2.00
From Mr. Washington, of White Lake,
Ont... \$5.00

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL IN A NEW OFFICE.

Schooner 'Vernie May,' at sea.
This letter is indited to you, Mr. Editor, from the cabin of the fishing schooner 'Vernie May.' It is very thick of fog on deck and as dark as pitch, consequently—for it is late October—and the moon will not rise until morning. The darkness on deck is a little relieved by the figures of a dozen men or so who are boiling their kettles over a fire made in the half of a large cask filled with sand, and partially protected by some pieces of iron stove-piping that has been hammered out for the purpose. The vessel is primarily carrying

a load of codfish, salted, to St. Johns, but, secondarily, is serving to carry to their homes some fifty odd men and women—who have been 'down north' since spring—and are now called freighters. As for myself, belated by missing the fortnightly mail steamer, I must either lose three weeks, or 'travel up,' as we say; that is, get along on Shank's pony or anyhow good fortune enables you; so I find myself here with 57 freighters.

This is election year in Newfoundland, it is no easy task casting votes simultaneously. To facilitate matters the government always charters a steamer to carry the ballot boxes and collect the results. The offer of the task was made to us this time, and was duly accepted. For we balanced in our minds whether it was not better to earn \$2,500, enough to enlarge the Hospital at St. Anthony, than even to pay the many visits which we are well aware those on the Southern Coast of Labrador are so anxiously waiting for.

The extreme need for more room in the hospital, and especially more convenience to permit the nurses to do their share of the work properly, turned the scale, and on Sept. 26 I found myself and my earthly belongings on the wharf at St. Anthony, and with sorrowful heart my beloved little vessel steaming away towards the southern horizon. She is small, it is true—she had only part of a propeller left—and she has dents enough in her soft steel bilges almost to resemble a biscuit tin that has been used for a football. But she has been home to us for some years now, and it seemed hard to see her going off on other men's business—to return shortly with others in our actual cabins, if not our shoes. However, Labrador life does not tend to foster long laments, and we had to set to work to try to do the work as best we could with what we had. The likeliest boat at my disposal was a 23-foot eight-knot open gasoline launch, for harbors are not very far apart, and we decided to depend on speed to get out of trouble if any cropped up, rather than on sea-worthiness. With my volunteer engineer friend and medical colleague who was travelling our way, we at last got away.

One of the great charms of the missionary's life lies in the variety of experiences it affords in a short time, which is natural enough when we remember our very existence depends on ceaseless metabolism. This is an apology for enjoying the contrast, when it was inevitable, from the security of the 'Stratheona' to our tiny craft. The real joy, however, of such a change comes in the far closer contact it brings you with your people—when you are their guest they are at their best—whereas when they are yours the very opposite obtains. The kindness and unselfish hospitality shown us, and the needs and opportunities of service revealed, remain as valued experiences in moulding future action into channels more likely to tell for our mutual benefit.

It was just growing dark the first evening, and we were off a long line of perpendicular cliffs, they looked uninvitingly gloomy, and it was falling mighty cold—there was only about three miles to go—when our racing motor suddenly gave out. The wind being on shore and the water deep, we decided that rowing exercise was exactly what we needed, and with light hearts started to finish the trip. But the tide on shore and the wind and sea on shore soon satisfied our ardor, and we suggested all sorts of things to our engineer friend. As it was now dark and we saw a schooner's lights beating down the straits, we fired many guns towards her and waved our lantern on a pole—visions of a night out having no attractions for us. But to our dismay she took no notice and passed on. At length one cylinder came to our relief, and we kind of limped along holding our breath not to disturb it till we rounded the last headland, and came to anchor. The reaction added to the supper of duck specially roasted to celebrate our arrival, even though it was in a fisherman's little cottage, and his eight children might look upon us somewhat in the light of a public entertainment, compared favorably to our minds with the best in the world. The queer thing was the mysterious schooner had anchored in the harbor before us. On inquiring we found that they had seen our light waving, but as one man on watch had said there was always a light to be seen under those cliffs when a gale was coming on, they had hurried on all the faster to find good holding ground before dark. A patient or two to see, a few matters on which advice was sought to settle, and family prayer, sent

Your Address Tag.

If the date on the address label of this copy is still dated December 31, 1908, you will receive in it a blank form for renewal. Kindly remit without delay, and you will thus greatly assist us in promptly coping with the great flood of subscriptions coming in at the end of the year, and you will at the same time avoid possibility of interruption in the service of your own paper.

a sleepy household to bed in the small hours, to enjoy as sweet a night as if housed in the richest of canopied four-posters.

W. T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Lower Truro Sunday School, per Mrs. Wm. Dunlop, \$10.00; A Friend from Manitoba, \$2.00; D. J. Meredith, Vernonville, Ont., \$6.65; A Friend, Montreal, \$5.00; B. C. Marven, Midland, N.B., \$1.65; Miss E. E. Doel, West Toronto, \$1.00; A. Douglas, Walton, Ont., 60cts.; Mrs. J. W. Murphy, Sutton, P. Que., \$1.00; Totals \$27.90
Previously acknowledged for all purposes... 1,466.07

Total received up to Dec. 8... \$1,493.97

We have also received the following sums for other special objects in connection with Dr. Grenfell's work:

T. H. P., Strathroy... \$5.00
A Friend from Manitoba... 3.00

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cot.

CUT THIS OUT.

They Say! What Do They Say?

LET THEM STILL BE SAYING.

'The Montreal 'Witness' is NEVER INFLUENCED BY MERE PARTY FEELINGS.'—Chatham 'Commercial.'

'The Montreal 'Witness' numbers among its clientele THE MOST INDEPENDENT AND THOUGHTFUL READERS in Canada.'—Edmonton 'Bulletin.'

'The Montreal 'Witness' STANDS FOR PURITY AND HONESTY in Government.'—The Hamilton 'Spectator.'

'The Montreal 'Witness' is BOLD ENOUGH TO BE HONEST, AND HONEST ENOUGH TO BE BOLD.'—Sarnia (Ont.) 'Observer.'

'The Montreal 'Witness' was NEVER BETTER OR MORE USEFUL than it is to-day.'—Dominion Presbyterian.

'The 'Witness' is ONE OF THE BEST PAPERS PUBLISHED.'—Bowmanville 'Statesman.'

'The 'Witness' NEVER FAILS TO COMMAND RESPECT for its fairness and impartiality.'—Sarnia 'Observer.'

'The 'Witness' is THE MOST IMPARTIAL AND INDEPENDENT PAPER in Canada.'—Charlotte P.E.I. 'Patriot.'

'THE MONTREAL 'WITNESS' DOES NOTHING SMALL.'—Picton 'Gazette.'

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'The 'Witness' is no doubt THE BEST NEWSPAPER IN CANADA.'—Northern Advance.

'The 'Witness' has manifested, in an eminent degree, the qualities of COURAGE AND SINCERITY.'—R. L. Borden, Leader of the Conservative Party.

'The 'Witness' EXERTS A MOST BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE in the homes and hearts of our people.'—The Late Archbishop Bond, Primate of all Canada.

'The 'Witness' DESERVES THE GOOD WORDS THAT HAVE BEEN SAID OF IT.'—Christian Guardian.

The friends of the 'Witness' will do it a service by showing these testimonials to their friends.

See the subscription rates elsewhere in this paper.



LESSON.—SUNDAY, JANUARY 3, 1909.

The Ascension of Our Lord.

Acts i., 1-11. Memory verses 8, 9. Read Acts i., 1-14.

Golden Text.

And it came to pass while he blessed them, he parted from them and was carried up into heaven. Luke xxiv., 51.

Home Readings.

Monday, December 28.—Acts i., 1-14.
 Tuesday, December 29.—Luke xxiv., 36-53.
 Wednesday, December 30.—Mark xvi., 14-20.
 Thursday, December 31.—Eph. iv. 1-10.
 Friday, January 1.—Psalm 96.
 Saturday, January 2.—Eph. i., 15-23.
 Sunday, January 3.—Phil. ii., 1-11.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

The transition from the course of studies in Old Testament history to the New Year's course in the New Testament should be helped in the minds of the children by the recent Christmas lesson. The scholars can easily tell you the story of how and where Christ came to earth. It was at Bethany (Luke xxiv., 51), but a few miles from the little town of Bethlehem that the story of our lesson to-day takes place. Christ has lived on earth for some thirty-three years, he has carefully taught his disciples, has suffered, died, and been buried, has risen from the dead again, and several times during the forty days following his resurrection, has appeared to his disciples. Now he has to go away from earth to heaven, and before going he gives his disciples a parting message. He promises them a wonderful new power and he gives them a great work to do. This great new power from heaven was not meant for the disciples of Jesus at that day alone; Christ meant it for us, too. The work that the disciples were given to do was not meant for them alone, but for us, too, and, indeed, the disciples could not nearly do it all; they just did all they could and left the rest for us. So it is our work now and we must all remember that what Jesus said when he was going up into heaven, he said for us just as much as he did for his disciples then, so let us find out carefully what it was that He promised us and what work He has given us to do.

FOR THE SENIOR CLASSES.

The whole course of this year's studies is in the New Testament. The past six months' lessons have been dealing with God's care for a special nation, the opportunities and advantages given a special people, and their failure to rise to the occasion. This year's study is the abrogation of that special privilege and the offer of the Word of God to the whole world. The story starts with Christ's last commission to his disciples, and closes with the last words of his great missionary and apostle Paul to his young successor Timothy. It is well to glance briefly over the ground to be covered. It is all of the greatest concern to us. None of it is merely past history. We are in the concession, and the work is by no means done, so that every direction for its accomplishment, every step of the way taken by those who went before us is of great consequence, and we cannot afford to slight any. If mistakes were made we can avoid these, where successes were won, we can profit by the example, but these great men of the early days are only members with us of the great church invisible who have passed their unfinished work on into our hands. They labored under the helpful thought of Christ's continued presence with them (Matt. xxviii., 20), and we have that

just as surely to-day. Our Lord's parting promises and commission are our encouragement and endowment to labor to-day. It would be impossible to escape the missionary element in this Sunday's lesson even if the teacher so desired. 'The great commission' of verse 8 is ours to-day. Home and foreign missions are enjoined there and it is our privilege to work with our Master in His great plan of salvation for the world as well as our unmistakable duty if we call ourselves by his name at all. The disciples were not to stand gazing into heaven, but to lose no time about obeying their Lord at once. Luke xxiv., 49-53, Mark xvi., 19, 20, and the concluding verses of Matthew should be studied in connection with this lesson.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE'.)

Verse 7. 'In the Fulness of Time.' Great inventions and discoveries familiar to us were denied the old civilizations. Why did God so long jealously guard these secrets? Not because He was arbitrary or ungenerous, but in loving care for His creatures. The welfare of man regulates progressive illumination. The tyranny and slavery of Egypt and Assyria were terrible enough with horses and chariots; what would they have been with steam and electricity! The Jews were in constant peril because the navy of Solomon every three years brought gold, ivory and peacocks; what would have been their state had the fleets of the world anchored in their ports, as they do in ours! The Romans were destructive enough with bows and arrows, slings and stones, swords and spears; think what they would have been with gun powder and dynamite! The Greeks were voluptuous enough with the modest resources of their age; imagine their carnivals of ruinous pleasure had they commanded the diamond mines of Kimberley, the gold-fields of Johannesburg, the luxuries of all climates! God denied the treasures which would have rendered progress impossible; He withheld them until the race had attained those higher qualities without which excessive material power is a curse.

Christ came only 'in the fulness of time;' before then the Advent would have been worse than useless. Even when He came He observed a striking reticence in addressing the multitude. 'And with many such parables spake He the word unto them, as they were able to hear it; and without a parable spake He not unto them; but privately to his own disciples, He expounded all things.' Nay, even to the disciples He could not tell all. 'I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He shall guide you unto all the truth.' William L. Watkinson, in *The Duty of Imperial Thinking*.

Verse 8. Ye shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem, said Jesus to His disciples, and also unto the uttermost part of the earth. One often hears foreign missionary work derided on the ground that home missionary work is so much needed. This argument Bishop Phillips Brooks scathingly rebuked in these words: "There are heathen here in Boston," you declare; "heathen enough here in America. Let us convert them first, before we go to China." That plea we all know, and I think it sounds more cheap and more shameful every year. What can be more shameful than to make the imperfection of our Christianity at home an excuse for not doing our work abroad? It is as shameless as it is shameful. It pleads for exemption and indulgence on the ground of its own neglect and sin. It is like a murderer of his father asking the judge to have pity on his orphanhood.

I have long since ceased to pray, Lord Jesus, have compassion on a lost world. I remember the day and the hour when I seemed to hear my Lord rebuking me for making that kind of prayer. I seemed to hear Him say to me, 'I have had compassion on a lost world, and now it is for you to have compassion. I have given my heart; give your heart.'—A. J. Gordon.

'During my early years in India, I spent several months in a village where we gained only thirteen converts,' remarked Bishop J. M. Thoburn. 'I returned there two years later and found eight hundred converts. No missionary had been in that village since I left. Who did the work of evangelization? Every Christian became a witness for Christ.

This is the way the world was won in the first century, it is the way the world is to be won to-day.'

Loyalty to Christ means carrying forward in our century the work He began in His.—C. H. Parkhurst.

Religious News.

'Is it to be Western or Eastern?' is a question asked in the 'Record' of the United Free Church of Scotland by the Rev. John Torrance, formerly of Poona, India, he says, is in the throes of a great new movement, which will have its intellectual, social, political, and religious sides, and he believes the influence of the Church of Christ in India on this movement will depend considerably on whether the Church is to be painted in foreign Western colors, or whether it can be made to appear to the men of India as something suited to their own soil in Eastern dress. He calls for a radical change of policy in the treatment of the Indian churches, giving them a free hand as regards organization, relaxing the too rigid rules of ordination, and doing everything to encourage the spirit of spontaneous effort, independence, and responsibility. It is quoted as an instance of how little this has been the practise in the past that after 140 years of missionary work in India the Church of England cannot yet point to an Indian bishop or even archdeacon. Another question might be asked—Is it really necessary that the Indian Church should be either Eastern or Western? Will not the ideal Church be one in which all racial distinctions will be obliterated, and every element of good, from every possible source, conserved and consecrated?—'Statesman.'

From the coral island of Apaiang, one of the Gilbert Group, five thousand miles southwest of San Francisco, the mail has just brought news of a remarkable celebration last November.

The American Cyclopaedia said of those islanders in 1859: They 'are sullen, passionate, cruel, treacherous, . . . fond of war, . . . eat human flesh occasionally.' In November, 1857, the Rev. Hiram Bingham and wife landed at Apaiang, and began their work by reducing its language to writing.

The semi-centennial of this event was commemorated by 30,000 Gilbertese Christians, whose pastors were trained in the schools founded by Dr. Bingham, with the aid of the books prepared by him and Mrs. Bingham. Six more native pastors were ordained at the recent jubilee. Every year there is a demand for some 2,000 books in Gilbertese. The islanders have purchased some 11,000 copies of Mr. Bingham's translation of the Scriptures.

A touching letter of thanksgiving, recording what he had done for them since the time when 'the minds of the people were very dark,' was despatched to the veteran missionary by the churches assembled at the jubilee. Since 1875, the climate of Apaiang having become no longer endurable, Dr. Bingham has resided at Honolulu, still prosecuting literary work for the Gilbertese.—The 'Outlook.'

Boys! Attention!

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May be easily earned selling the Popular Illustrated Monthly, the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL.' Send no money—a post card will secure a package to start on, full premium list, etc., etc. When paid for, you get your premium at once. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cash profits, if preferred.

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Temperance

Things That Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses of wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
A kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend, indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

—Selected.

A Terrible Heredity.

A special study of hereditary drunkenness has been made by Prof. Pelman, of Bonn University, Germany. His method was to take special individual cases, a generation or two back. He thus traced the careers of children in all parts of the German Empire until he was able to present tabulated biographies of the hundreds descended from some original drunkards. Notable among the persons described by Prof. Pelman is Frau Ida Jurka, who was born in 1740, and was a drunkard, a thief and a tramp for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1800. Her descendants numbered 834, of whom 708 were traced in local records from youth to death. Of the 700 born, 106 were born out of wedlock. There were 144 beggars, and 62 more who lived from charity. Of the women, 181 lived disreputable lives. There were in the family 76 convicts, 7 of whom were sentenced for murder. In the period of some 75 years this family rolled up a bill of costs in almshouses, prisons and correctional institutions amounting to at least 5,000,000 marks, or about \$1,250,000.—'Medical Record.'

Industrial Efficiency and Total Abstinence.

Over a year ago a paragraph appeared in several papers to the effect that the directors of a big iron work in Germany had decided to pay a premium to those of their workers who undertook to abstain from alcohol. Anxious to get fuller particulars of so interesting an experiment, Mr. Charles Jack, Chief Templar in the Middle Ward District of Lanarkshire, communicated with the firm in question, and was informed that the paragraph was substantially correct, but it was a very recent departure that it referred to, and that so far only eleven of their employees had qualified for the premium offered. As the new system had only been in existence since the beginning of the year, however it was impossible then to judge of its practical results; but later they would be very pleased to furnish any information desired with reference to their experiment if their correspondent would be good enough to write again. Recently Mr. Jack again approached these courteous foreigners on the subject, and the following is a copy of their reply—which, it will be seen, is eminently satisfactory to Temperance reformers, being in favor of their constant contention that efficiency is promoted by total abstinence:—

'Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of 12th May last we have pleasure in stating that since the inauguration of abstinence premiums we have paid the following sums:—On 1st April, 1907, to 11 men, 155s.; on 1st July, 1907, to 11 men, 155s.; on 1st October, 1907, to 12 men, 169s.; on 1st January, 1908, to 11 men, 155s.; on 1st April, 1908, to 17 men, 252s. The number of members in our three Abstinence Societies in July, 1907, was 40, while at present there are 156 members, showing, therefore, a large increase. We



Sp. Arthur H. H. H. H. H.



For Better Luck.

WAITING.

For Him.

—Selected.

have caused a statement to be kept regarding the percentage of accidents arising during the past year (1) through abstainers and (2) through non-abstainers, and we find the percentage for all our workpeople was 1.22 percent., while for abstaining workmen alone the percentage was 0.98 percent. We have hitherto had encouraging experience with abstinence premiums, and are resolved in consequence to extend these abstinence premiums (maximum gratuity per man, 20s. per quarter) to our miners in Lothringer.'

Once Too Often, Alas!

Here is a sad story from a physician's notebook. Give earnest heed, as the doctor tells it in his own words:

'Ten years ago,' he said, 'he got so bad that I had a job to get him through. When he was able to listen I told him that another spree would wind him up for a certainty. He told me there wasn't going to be another one.'

'He lasted for six straight years, subjecting himself to a veritable torture of temptation all the time at that. On the day when he went back to work in his shop after that last spree he got a quart bottle of fine old Kentucky Bourbon whisky with a rich bouquet.'

'This, after loosening the cork, he placed on a little shelf immediately above his workbench. Then he went to work with that bottle of whisky right before his eyes. Every once in a while he'd reach up, take the bottle from the shelf, remove the cork, and take long, gloating smells of the whisky.'

'"You're never going to drown me again, blast you!" he'd say to the bottle as he smelled of the whisky. "I've got you beat—see! I can just 'ool with you, make a blooming toy of you, and still you can't nail me!" And then, with a final smell at the bottle, he'd cork it up again, put it back on the shelf, and resume his work.'

'This sort of thing he kept up for six

years without ever taking so much as a sip.

'I told the man frequently that he was torturing himself unnecessarily, that he was racking his nerves without any reason, and that eventually he'd become the victim of an irresistible impulse to drink the whisky.'

'"No, I won't!" he'd protest. "The stuff made a fool of me for a good many years, and now I'm getting hunk."

'It was a sort of obsession, of course, but it was phenomenal that the man could have been able to carry it along for six years. I should have liked my prediction in his case to break against me, but it didn't.'

'One forenoon in the seventh year of abstinence he was going through his stunt of breathing the bouquet of the shelf bottle into his nostrils and gloating in his triumph over it, when the moment of irresistible impulse arrived. He put the bottle to his lips, and never stopped gulping it till he had swallowed the whole quart. Then he fell off his bench in a state of coma, and I couldn't get to him until after he was dead.'—'National Advocate.'

About Habit.

Habit plays a great part in the formation of character. By constantly performing any action the discontinuance of the action becomes almost impossible. Actions are endowed with a kind of innate motion; once started, their progress cannot be arrested. We have only, therefore, to commence those actions which form character, and they will continue of themselves. This, unfortunately, is true of evil actions also, and their commission should be our greatest fear. Life is an infinite succession of actions, and whatever direction these actions take in the beginning they will continue to pursue for ever. It is as difficult to divert the course of a river that has been flowing for ages as to divert the course of actions that have been performed for years. Habit, then, may be made our best friend, but if we are not careful it will become our worst enemy.—Selected.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.



I pledge myself

To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by six, printed in purple and white and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a

Man., and Muriel Porteous, Harold Porteous, Ernie Whipple, Lloyd Warren, Keith Swaize, and Clarence Durham, D., Ont.

S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am taking the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much, but this is my first letter to this page. My father keeps thirteen horses, and twelve cows. We have a large flock of hens, chickens and ducks. He also has a stone-quarry and a mill. We go to school, and I take music lessons.

GLADYS J. SMITH.

R., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have just started to take the 'Messenger' for three months, and I like to read the stories in it very much. My papa is a minister. We moved here a few months ago. I have a little brother and sister, my little brother and I are twins. He is drawing a house to send in. My sister is two years old.

BEUMONT E. BELL.

[We did not get the drawing you mention, Beumont. You must have forgotten to put it in. Ed.]

S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have two brothers, one is eighteen and the other five. We keep one cow. My father is a lawyer and we live right

with us. She is nearly fifteen. I go to school and am in the Fourth Grade. I like to go to school very much. My teacher has taught here three terms. I am joining the Royal League of Kindness and I am sending in my pledge with this letter.

EDNA BROWN.

OTHER LETTERS.

We have received a little story by Aileen M. Hanna which will be published later. We are very sorry Aileen that you are still a little invalid. Three and a half years is a very long time little girlie to be patient, isn't it?

F. Braithwaite, U., Ont., sends a short letter with his drawing. The drawing will be in later.

Harold James, B., Ont., sends good wishes to all for the New Year.

A very neat and nicely written letter comes from Mae Barnard, B., P.E.I., who is just eleven, but writes better than many a grown up.

Henry Maskell, S., P.Que., also writes a good hand. Don't like history or geography, Henry? Why, that's strange.

E. J. C., N.W., P.E.I., says that one of their cats 'carried her kitten across the road to my uncle's this spring, and one this fall.' What can be the attraction at 'uncle's'?

Harvey Outhill, W., Ont., writes 'we have the telephone in our house and it is very useful.' Saves you a good many messages, doesn't it, Harvey? Your riddle has been asked before.

Ruby G. Parkhouse, C. H., Ont., says 'my two brothers and my sister have had the whooping cough, but I have not got it.' Are you quite sure you are 'out of the bush,' Ruby?

S. J. Barr, C. H., Que., writes 'I go to the Presbyterian Sunday School and I have got two prizes for regular attendance.'

Letters have also been received from Ethel Paul, L., P.Que., who sends good wishes to the R. L. of K., Evelyn Harris, W., N.S., who used to live in Portland, Ore., and from Willie Breakwell, G., Ont., who lives with 'Grandma and Grandpa and Uncle Tim.'

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

The 'Pansies' are still in full bloom, and we invite all our young readers to gather them. Ten cents each from five friends who have not been taking the 'Messenger' sent in to us with the five names and addresses will secure: 1. The 'Messenger' for three months to each of the friends. 2. A beautiful colored picture 'Pansy Blossoms,' 9 by 16 inches, to each of the club and to the club raiser. 3. A Maple Leaf Brooch to the club raiser as a reward for trouble taken.

The 'Messengers' may be sent anywhere in Canada, outside Montreal or suburbs, or to Newfoundland or the British Isles, but the pictures will all be sent to the club raiser to distribute.

Send the money carefully (by money order registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

STILL THEY COME.

The following have sent in clubs since last list, and some of them are now sending for the second or third time—everyone being charmed with the beautiful blossoms:—Stafford Husk, Mrs. Wm. R. Warner, W. Arthur Creighton, Lina Tozer, Maggie Cochrane, Bertha Keltch, W. J. McGregor, Mrs. Jas. G. Gray, Mamie McMillan, Sadie Smith, Mrs. Owen Wentzell, Ethel S. Jones, O. P. Freeman, E. Marion Smith, Janet Mitchell, Mrs. A. Allen, Gertrude Selby, Edith Hutchings, Lizzie C. Littlewood, Florence Jones, Dorothy L. Brewster, Hope Cross, Maggie Latimer, Jean McEwen, Mrs. M. J. Smith, jr., Emma R. Fash (aged 10), her second club; Daisy Robertson, Eva Harlock, Hazel McKay, Olive Burnham, Gladys J. Carson, Hazel C. Jones, Inez Osborne (aged 10), her third club! Well done, Inez; Ray Lapp, Eva Dandy, Ada McMahon, Norma Murchison, M. Alberta Jamieson.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Handkerchiefs.' Ruby G. Parkhouse (aged 10), C. H., Ont.

2. 'Christmas Bell.' Elsie Larkey (aged 9), C., P.Que.

3. 'Packing Up.' Frederick Ralph Burford (aged 10), H., Ont.

4. 'Christmas Greetings.' Gladys Lawrence, H. M., Ont.

5. 'Santa Starts.' Peter McKercher, M., Ont.

6. 'Holly.' Esther L. Johnstone, N. A., N.S.

7. 'A Winning Pair.' Aileen M. Hanna (aged 10), P., Ont.

8. 'A Bell.' Agnes Bailey, C., Ont.

9. 'A Merry Christmas.' F. R. Burford, H., Ont.

bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

We are glad to have several orders in already for the pledge cards and badges, as that shows that our members are very much in earnest in this league. There are sixteen new names for the membership roll this week. That's splendid. You will all have to look at your pledge on New Year's Day and put down its resolutions at the head of your list among those that mustn't be broken. Why, come to think of it, you don't need any other resolutions at all if you really mean and keep your pledge. If only you don't 'forget,' your pledge will keep you straight right along the way. Those who have pledge cards hanging up in their rooms or a little badge holding out its colors valiantly all the time, will be less liable to have so many broken resolutions to regret next year. This week's new members are Ethel Cuthbertson, R., Ont.; Eva A. Hyslop, and Ella M. Hyslop, W., Ont.; Douglas Ledgerwood, Lila Ledgerwood, Lottie Pigg, Clemence Gabrielle, Gaston Gabrielle, Donald Ledgerwood, and Rene Gabrielle, R.,

beside the school. I have gone to P.E.I. quite a few times. I am going to sign the R. L. of K. pledge.

MURIEL McQUEEN.

N., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at the Presbyterian Sunday School, and we all enjoy it, we think it is a very nice paper. I am a little girl ten years of age, and go to school. I started when I was seven, and I am in the Junior third class. I have six brothers and one sister. We have ten ducks and some hens. We have four cats and eight rabbits. I attend the Mission Band once a week. I live in a nice part of the village, and the train goes right past our house. We take care of the Presbyterian Church. There is a baseball field in front of our place. My youngest brother is five years old, and is full of funny little tricks, and he is the pet of the family, we all think a lot of him. He is a very weak little fellow.

EMILENE A. J. DUKES.

L. Q., N.B.

Dear Editor.—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for quite a long while and have only written one letter. I live in L. Q. along the St. John River. I have one brother twelve years old, and a cousin lives

A Happy New Year

When Francis Sutton Made a New Beginning.

(Hope Daring, in the 'American Messenger'.)

'You are not going back into the woods, Francis?'

'Yes, I think so, Tom. I—well, there is a fascination about the free life, and I suppose as much money can be made there as in any place.'

Francis Sutton spoke a little hesitatingly. He was a stalwart man of twenty-five. His garb consisted of the buckskin trousers, red flannel shirt, and blue cloth tunic of the voyageurs of Detroit three-quarters of a century ago.

The two men stood in Tom Gree's store. The bent old trader frowned as his eyes studied the face of the younger man.

'Too much liberty may grow into license. As to making money, it is not what a man makes, but how he makes and spends it, that counts.'

The face of Francis colored. A week before he had reached Detroit in company with a party of voyageurs who had, like himself, been in the woods since early autumn. It was not customary for them to bring in their furs until spring, but the want of ammunition had induced the visit.

Francis Sutton was an Englishman, who had been in America a year. For a time he had clerked for old Tom, but having been disappointed in not obtaining the better position for which he had hoped, he had joined the voyageurs in a spirit of adventure. The wild life charmed him, and he was learning to look leniently upon drinking, gambling, and the injustice often shown to the Indians.

'Yes, I think I shall return to the forest,' Francis said, disregarding Tom's last remarks. 'I might as well select the things I will need now.'

He glanced around the store. Tom's trade was principally with the Indians and the voyageurs, and ranged on the shelves was a great stock of goods, including all kinds of supplies from bales of furs to weapons and glass beads.

'This is a holiday; I am not selling goods,' Tom said. 'It is New Year's Day, Francis—a good time for you to turn square about and begin life anew. Your old place here is ready for you, until you can find something better.'

'Thank you, Tom, but I remember how long I waited for the something better, and waited in vain. If this new country has not the opportunities of which I dreamed for me, I will take that which pleases me best of what I can get.'

'Do not let us talk of it now; come with me to make some New Year's calls. The old French families, as well as some of our good English dames, receive to-day, just as they do in the old homeland across the sea. Go to your lodgings, lad, and put on the garb of a gentleman. I will do the same, and for this afternoon we will be happy in the society of our friends.'

Francis hesitated a moment. The memories of the old life that would be evoked might prove too strong for his new plans. Suddenly he threw back his head.

'All right, Tom. I will be back here, ready for a round of calls, in three-quarters of an hour.'

Francis kept his word. He was arrayed in faultless style, with knee breeches, black silk hose, and a stiff stock. Silver buckles ornamented his shoes, and his head was covered with a beaver hat.

The streets of Detroit were crowded. There were soldiers, officers in their gay uniforms, Indians, priests, voyageurs, and the staid, comfortable-looking Englishmen who had recently come in great numbers to make their homes in the new country. The buildings were nearly all of rough boards or of logs, and many of them were only one story high.

Notwithstanding the loneliness of the surrounding forest, there was an air of bustle and activity about the place, even on a holi-

Our Resolve.

To be true through and through,
To work square,
To fight fair,
To help and share
And lessen the burden
Another must bear.
To trust God
Through good and ill,
Asking His help and doing His Will.

day. The face of Francis grew thoughtful, as he said:

'The town is waking up, Tom. I hear that there is to be a daily mail from the East next summer.'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'and there is a scheme on foot to establish a newspaper, and to establish it on a firmer footing than any of the attempts made thus far have had. Major Barr is back of the enterprise, and that in itself is an assurance of success.'

Francis Sutton's eyes gleamed. That had been his hope in coming to Detroit—to identify himself with the press of the new country. He knew something of the work, but had found no opening while in the town.

They made several calls. The homes of the French families were furnished in quaint old style. In many cases the floors were bare and sanded. There was always a leaping, gleaming log fire, and the little silver and the few pictures were so tastefully arranged as to give the rooms an air of refinement and picturesqueness.

In the English homes luxuries had begun to appear. There were carpets, carved furniture, and, in rare cases, a piano.

The good cheer offered was simple but abundant. Usually it was coffee served with cake, although in some homes wine was placed before the guests. In the French homes there were always 'cousins' with the coffee. These were cakes cut into palm shape, and the tips brushed with a feather dipped in egg and sugar.

It was at the home of the Fieldings that Tom and Francis were introduced to Mrs. Clow. She was a tiny woman of sixty, with a sweet, pale face, and snow-white hair.

'Sutton?' she repeated questioningly, retaining the hand of Francis in her own. 'Can this be the son of my friend, Jessie Sutton?'

'That is my mother's name,' and the young man's eyes brightened. 'You—why, you must be the mistress of Clow Manor.'

'I am. It was to visit a favorite nephew that I ventured to take the journey across the Atlantic. Mrs. Fielding was my school-girl friend. Now I see that sweet Nellie Fielding is pouring you a cup of coffee. When you have finished it, come and tell me all about your mother.'

Ten minutes later Francis rejoined Mrs. Clow. She motioned for him to sit down upon the wooden settle with her.

'Ah, I wonder if you know, dear boy, how your mother's heart is bound up in you? It was five years ago that I last saw her; and that was your second year in college.'

Francis caught his breath. Yes, he knew, but of late he had seldom thought of it. Mrs. Clow went on:

'We used to sit on the lawn, in the shade of the first that grew around the old gray stone house, and talk of you and of the work you should do for humanity. I am sure on this New Year's day she is counting over the things you are to do to help make the world a glad and a good place ere the year is gone.'

It cost Francis Sutton an effort to speak in his usual tone. He told Mrs. Clow all the news contained in his mother's last letter. It was with reluctance that he replied to her questions about his present.

She frowned a little as she listened to his account of his life in the woods.

'It is not a good place, not unless your aim is to teach and to help the savages and the wild white men. The influence of Jessie Sutton's son should stand for strong, true things.'

'You are right,' and the young man's face fell into grave lines. 'I shall not return to

the forest, Mrs. Clow. I am going to prove worthy of my mother's trust in me. To-day I shall begin life anew.'

'A new year and a fresh beginning. Ah, my friend, God is good. Past errors can be atoned for. Each year—nay, each day is a fresh beginning.'

When he left Mrs. Clow's side Francis sought Tom and excused himself from making further calls. Then the young man left the house. Instead of going toward the boarding-house, where he and his rough companions had stopped, he started for a walk along the river bank.

Thus far that winter there had been little snow. The ground was bare, although the air was very cold, and the river was frozen over.

Francis walked rapidly, finding in the swift motion a relief from the thoughts that pressed upon him. He soon passed beyond the outskirts of the town, and, at the summit of a little hill, stood still, gazing out over the ice-bound river. The sun was nearing the western horizon, and its crimson light brought out rainbow tints in the ice. A party of Indians were crossing the river, and, in the stillness, the guttural tones of their voices came distinctly to the ear of Francis.

A sudden feeling of solemnity swept over him. He bared his head.

'There is work for God and for humanity in this town. The Indians, the voyageurs—they all need to see that Christianity makes a man true and strong. I never thought of my duty to them before. This year shall see a change in my life. It shall see the beginning of a fight for righteousness, an effort to help on some good work in this new country.'

A footstep behind him caused Francis to turn. Coming along the path was a portly old gentleman with an open, clean-shaven face.

'Good evening, Major Barr,' and Francis stepped forward, offering his hand.

'Eh! Young Sutton? I thought you had gone into the woods, to vegetate with the savages, when this new country needs every strong arm and true heart.'

'I have come out of the woods, ready to work, ready to help you edit that new paper of which I hear.'

Long and searchingly the old major's eyes studied the face of Francis. He saw something there that reassured him.

'Thank you, my boy. Even as I walked up the road I was wishing for the help of such a man as you may come to be. God sent you here on the first day of this year, to help me plan for our town's good.'

Arm in arm the two men walked back to the village. They discussed plans for the paper which was to prove a mighty force in the fight against evil.

Francis Sutton had made a new beginning. From it came a life of usefulness and honor.

The Ugly Girl.

(Lucy Elliot Keeler, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World'.)

'I am going to found an Ugly Club and be its president.'

A general laugh greeted Madge Orton's sally, and the girls clustered around her ham-mock like bees around a honey-pot. 'Count us in,' came the chorus.

'Not one of you!' was the reply. 'Too large a proportion of fine complexions, straight noses, brown eyes and curly hair. Three points disqualify.'

Madge rose briskly. 'Go on with your cramming, girls; I have my lessons and am off to recruit members.'

The four girls looked after Madge fondly. There was no doubt that she was homely; yet while they deplored the shape of her nose and lamented the dullness of her complexion, they all fell under the magnetism of her presence, and tried to copy her wholesomeness and charm.

'I thought all this nonsense had been trained out of me,' Madge said to herself, as she hurried down the street. 'Blessings on my mother who taught me to face facts with a smile; yet when I overheard Jack Haddon's

friend say, "O, spare me from that ugly one," I confess it hurt. Now I am going to try to restore my equanimity by calling on the homeliest people in town."

At her first stopping-place the girl was welcomed by a woman of queenly form and carriage, but whose face was dreadfully scarred. "Come and see the miracle of the garden!" she exclaimed, leading Madge to a sandy patch of ground from which rose stalks of exquisite pink lilies. "Hall's Amaryllis," she said; "and a week ago not a sign of life was here. The leaves appear and die down in the spring, but in August up spring these rosy beauties, often, as now, on my wedding day."

Madge looked up involuntarily into the poor pitted face, so alive with intelligence and spiritual illumination. Was there some wistful look in the girl's eyes which the elder woman saw and interpreted? "I have never referred to it before," she said quietly. "I was called a beauty when I became engaged to Mr. Temple. Some weeks later I caught the smallpox and I rose from my bed—so! I offered to release my lover; but after seven years we were married, and not one moment of all these years has his love and devotion failed me."

"Better than Esther in 'Bleak House,'" Madge said to herself; "or Lamb's offer of marriage to 'the divinely plain Miss Kelly.'" Now for Margaret Fuller, another lovely soul disguised in a homely exterior."

Young voices reached her ears, and through an open door she saw a group of children hovering about a mere scrap of a woman, unshapely, sallow, with a cast in her eye.

"We are telling stories," the little woman called to Madge gaily. "First it was Beauty and the Beast, and the children assure me that even an ugly person may be amiable; then it was Cyrano de Bergerac, whose very nose they think adorable; and now it is old Socrates—"

"Who looked," broke in a boy, using the very words of Plato in which Margaret had told the story, "like the masks of satyrs in the shop windows; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside them. Beauty and wealth and honor were of no account to Socrates, but I looked within and saw in him divine and golden images of such fascinating beauty that I was ready to do in a moment whatever Socrates commanded."

In his eagerness the little fellow scrambled off his chair, and Madge saw that he was humpbacked. All the other children were wizened or crippled; but in the face of each shone a happy light of possible achievement.

"Is this a club?" she cried, winking back the sudden tears. "Please let me join it. I know stories, too, and games 'galore.'" She picked up one child in her arms and the humpbacked boy played with her soft dress. Two young men passed the porch and surveyed the picture with sympathetic satisfaction. Madge recognized Jack Haddon and his friend.

The Need of Every Graciousness.

Living is one long 'give and take.' We are always giving or receiving, making concessions or accepting them, winning victories or suffering defeats, or, as partners in the work of life, furnishing our share to the partnership, or receiving their share from our comrades. We can so play any or all of these parts that each transaction shall bring profit and pleasure to both parties, and be a splendid 'bargain,' like mercy,—twice blest; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.' And with the grace of graciousness it will be so. For among all the flavors and fragrances of life, nothing adds to life's charm and pleasure like that which we call graciousness; and nothing can so render tasteless or even repulsive the choicest life as its absence or its opposite.

But how ungraciously we sustain our rôles! We give,—and give so grudgingly, or so patronizingly, or so triumphantly, or so clumsily, that it is like pelting a man with blessings; the sting of the giving robs the gift of its grace, and the receiver almost feels that he can never quite forgive the giver. Yet our very manner and spirit could have added to the gift its richest charm, which would have lingered after the gift itself had gone. And our taking is often awkwardly or unlovingly managed. We receive almost as with a sense of injury, as if in a world of real justice the relations would be reversed, or as if somehow our independence were assailed and our dignity insulted, or at least as though we were receiving no more than our just deserts,—and we rob the giver of that generous pleasure which is his chief reward, and ourselves of that generous gratitude which is our chief blessing.

How few of us, again, are able to make concessions or acknowledge defeat handsomely! It is with groans and grimaces, like a sulky camel, that we give up, if ever we really do. We could march out of our citadels with all the honors of war, flags flying, trumpets blowing, and in the moment of defeat vanquish our victor by our self-control and courage, and better, by the power of love. But we are twice beaten, once by him and once by our own sore hearts. Still harder to carry off well is victory. Each flash of our eye is an arrow in the heart of the defeated, and adds bitterness to his losses. Yet our part might be done with such gentleness, such tacit apology, for triumph, such generous distress at his distress, such willingness to concede where we were under no obligation to concede, such good will, such endeavor to ease his burden, that, like Lee receiving back his sword from Grant at Appomattox, he, too, is twice conquered, once by our arms, and once by our heart.

Even the more prosaic 'give and take' of partnership is too often robbed of what might be a pleasure, and made to chafe and irritate. Half of the family jars, the church disagreements, the class difficulties, are utterly needless. A drop of the lubricant of graciousness would remove the friction, prevent the heat, suppress the shriek. For in most of these cases there is no real desire to injure or to withhold. The actors are really one, and perhaps in their heart of hearts are willing to die for one another; but they have not learned the fine art of living for and with one another. It was a little roughness that made the 'hot box' which brought the whole train to a standstill; an atom of oil would have prevented it.

The real charm of life is never seen until one has felt the touch of a spirit who has this flavor of graciousness. It becomes the throned monarch better than his crown. It is his crown. A refusal from him is pleasanter than a favor from some others, and the smallest or simplest act of kindness becomes fragrant with benediction. Even the plausible counterfeit of this grace in the superficial courtesies and amenities of social life gives a charm which is worth all it costs, and gives the lie to the notion that rough and ready bluntness is necessarily a sturdy and valuable virtue.

But graciousness is a grace, not one of the 'airs and graces.' The society woman may school herself to self-control and the pleasant look and smile in all circumstances, 'mistress of herself, though china fall,' but the robe in thin, and life's friction may wear it to shreds, or some untoward breeze may brush it aside. The real graciousness is deeper and more enduring. It is a virtue exercised, not a virtue assumed. It is a grace, a real achievement of the Spirit of God in the heart and life of man.

When we analyze the ungraciousness that deprives and embitters and irritates, we see that it is compounded of forces and tendencies deep in the sinful human heart, which 'grace' must conquer. Our ungraciousness in giving springs from pride, or from the covetousness of possession, or from sinful lack of sympathy and imagination. Our receiving is unhandsome because we are deficient in love, and are full of that sour pride that finds it hard to acknowledge a favor. The triumph that rankles is the child of overgrown self-love or ungrown love for others.

The ancestry of the grace of graciousness is not hard to trace. One has but to go through a few verses of the thirteenth of First Corinthians and substitute a word here and there: "Graciousness" suffereth long and is kind; "graciousness" vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, . . . seeketh not its own; . . . believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. It is simply love in exercise, love that speaks in the eye, thrills in the hand, caresses on the tongue, blossoms in the life. It is a grace imparted, for it can come only from a heart filled with the

Spirit of God; otherwise it is either counterfeit or shallow. But it is a grace which must be exercised. It will not come involuntarily. It needs incessant practise. We must school ourselves to this thoughtful love, this interest in others, this whole-hearted delight in their good and happiness, this willingness to express. It has to be willed, many times, when inclination is against it. It is to exercise in look and word and act the abundant goodwill toward men which we have learned of the Master. It is, in daily life, in face of the daily demand, simply to 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ.'—S. S. Times.

'Mildred's Diary.'

(Ernest Gilmore, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

JANUARY 1ST.—I found this diary on my plate on Christmas morning. Papa had put it there. I never kept a diary, so I didn't think much of this one. I laid it away and forgot it. Papa drew my attention to it this morning. He said, 'It's the first day of the year, you know; don't forget to record what you do to-day for your dear mother.' Papa smiled when he said it and then he went off to his office. What he said set me thinking. I am sure I might have done a great deal more than I have done in the past for mamma, but I said to myself, 'Now is a good time to begin,' so I began this morning. I said to myself, 'Mildred Payne, you are half past fourteen; it's time you were a great help to your mother.' I began by rubbing her head softly. She had a headache and was lying on the couch in her room. She said it did her head good to be rubbed and that I was a 'dear girl.' Jeanie and Hilda were playing about the room and making considerable noise. They hadn't their hair combed yet on account of mamma's headache. When I asked them to come downstairs with me they objected. 'We haven't had our hair curled,' they said. I told them I would curl it, but they said no; that I had never done it and that I would pull. I promised that I'd be careful, so after some urging they allowed me to try the job and they seemed satisfied after it was done. I am going to curl their hair every day hereafter. After I'd curled their hair I took them downstairs and read them a fairy story. Meanwhile mamma fell asleep and had a fine nap, after which her head felt so much better that she was able to sit up.

January 2d.—I am going to dust the dining-room and parlor after this six times a week; I began this morning. Of course I've often dusted those rooms when mamma told me to, but now it's different because it is regular work. Mamma says it's a real relief to her to know that the dusting is off her mind.

January 3d.—Well, well! I don't believe I ever half appreciated mamma before. She is always giving up things for my sake. I know it. But to-day I gave up something for her sake and I'm happy. I've been saving up money for a new blue silk tie and they had the prettiest one I ever saw at Sharpe & Fowlers. I bought it. It cost 75 cents. I almost danced along the street I was so glad I had it, but suddenly I thought of mamma; blue is her color, too, and she really needs a new tie. I'm afraid I'm awfully selfish, for I still wanted to keep the tie even after I thought of mamma; but I didn't keep it. And mamma was so pleased. Mamma wore the tie this afternoon and it's very becoming to her. I am going to save up my money so as to bring her something else soon.

January 4th.—Mamma had the headache again this morning, but intended to get up as usual. I coaxed her to stay in bed. She thought she couldn't at first because it was wash morning and there was always something extra for her to do while Becky was washing. I told her I'd do the extra things and she smiled. I put mamma's room in order first, dusted and darkened it and then after bathed her head. I took Jeanie and Hilda downstairs and kept them there. They played around while I did the extra things. I asked Peggy what the extra things were that mamma did on wash morning and she laughed. She said: 'It isn't Monday; you know we got turned around a little on Christmas Day, but your mamma does the breakfast dishes and dusts the dining-room while I wash, and sometimes she helps get lunch. She's an awful good woman, your mother is.' I told Becky I wasn't 'awful good,' but I

was going to wash the dishes. I don't like to wash dishes, but I begin to realize that there are some things I ought to do that I don't like to do.

I went up softly to mamma's room about 10 o'clock. She said she had had a nice sleep and felt better; she thought she'd get up. I coaxed her to lie still a little longer. Her head had ached so in the morning that she hadn't eaten any breakfast. I went down to the kitchen and made her some toast and a cup of tea. I carried it up to her piping hot, the toast between two hot plates and the tea in my pretty china cup that Aunt Harrie gave me. Mamma ate every bit of the toast and drank the tea. She paid me for it, too, by saying I was the 'dearest little cook in the world.' How sweet mamma is!

January 5th.—I'm helping mamma with the children's new white aprons. Mamma says it's a great relief to her to have her 'elder daughter' take such an interest in the sewing for the children.

January 6th.—Sunday, and such a happy one! We all went to church, heard a good sermon and some fine singing. We brought

little Dorothy Burton home with us to dinner. She looked so pathetic in her black dress that I asked mamma if I couldn't bring her home, and mamma said, 'Of course, my dear.' Dorothy's mother died about three months ago. I think the child forgot her sorrow while she was here. She went all over the house with Jeanie and Hilda and we all gave her something to take home. Papa asked me how my diary was getting along and I let him read it. When he was through with it he looked a little misty around the eyes (I guess he's taken a little cold), and he said: 'Good for you, little woman.' When papa says 'little woman' it means a good deal, so I think he was pleased with my diary.

January 7th.—I've found out something since I began this diary that I ought to have known before, and that's that mamma loves to be petted. Well, why shouldn't she? She has petted me all my life, but I don't think I have done much in the way of petting her. I am doing it now, though, every day. It is a week to-day since I began this diary and I haven't said much about what I've done except some little help I've been to mamma.

Papa told me in the beginning not to forget to record what I did for mamma. That's what I've been doing. I don't intend to write down anything I do for her hereafter, but I've resolved to go right on doing for her day after day. I am going to do a great deal for papa, too, and for Jeanie and Hilda. I'm young and strong; I'm going to help lift burdens from tired shoulders. I'm asking Jesus to help me.

The Coming Year.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

The clock struck twelve in the tall church tower,

And the old year slipped away,
To be lost in the crowd of phantom years
In the House of Dreams that stay
All wrapped in their cloak of gray.

Then swift and sweet o'er the door's worn sill

Came the youngest child of Time,
With a gay little bow and a merry laugh,
And a voice like bells a-chime,
Challenging frost and rime.

He found there was plenty for him to do,
The strong and the weak were here,
And both held out their hands to him,
And gave him greetings dear—
The beautiful young New Year.

'I bring you the best a year can bring,'
The newcomer stoutly spake;
'The chance of work, the gift of trust,
And the bread of love to break,
If but my gifts you'll take.'

The noblest thing a year can lay
In the lap of you or me,
The brave New Year has brought this day—
It is Opportunity,
Which the wise are quick to see.

What Will You do With It?

'Hurrah! New Year's coming soon. The old year's almost done and gone!'

A quiet, pleasant-faced man looked up as George burst into the room with his usual shout and bound.

'Where is it gone?' he asked.

'Why, it's just gone. I don't know where. Where does a candle go when it goes out? Just so with a year that is gone. It's gone, and that's all there is to it.'

'Not all,' said his uncle. 'It has gone into eternity to carry its record with it.'

All the thoughtlessness suddenly faded out of the boy's face as he turned it toward the older man.

'But, uncle'—half-questioningly—'I have done with it.'

'No; it will meet you one day.'

George took a few steps up and down the room, and then said, with a poor attempt at a smile:

'Uncle, you have such a fearful way of putting things.'

'It is not my "way," my dear boy; it is the way things are put for us. When you take the trouble to think seriously, you must realize that I have only given expression to what you already know.'

'But—I don't like to think of it. I don't like the record I've sent ahead of me with the year.'

'Not such a bad one, I hope,' said the other, kindly.

'Oh, nothing so dreadfully bad. Only the small bads all the way along.'

'It has given you a fair new page to write on,' said his uncle thoughtfully.

'Yes, and I've blotted and marred and scarred it. I wish I could blot the whole of it out.'

'You can not do that. It is a solemn thing to reflect on, that all the days of all the years of our lives are waiting to testify against us; that they keep with cruel exactness the account of our use of the great gift of time—our precious time—with its blessed opportunities for our own improvement or the doing for others.'

'But another year is coming,' began George.

'Yes, let us be thankful for that; for the reasonable hope that its days of privilege may be granted us. What are you going to do with the new year?'

'You tell, uncle. You can say it better

New Year's Resolutions at Ten by Jean Riddell.



—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

Oh, dear, I'm going to be good this year that's just begun,
But I can't see that I shall have a great amount of fun.'

Well, never mind, my mother says, and mothers always know,
That duty done is joyful, and time well spent is never slow.



The Little Year.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'C. E. World.')

Just at the stroke of midnight,
When the snow lies white on the hill,
The bells ring out from the steeple,
And the people cheer with a will;
Town and village are eager;
The little hamlets are gay;
For the Old Year is departing,
And the New Year comes to-day.

What greetings leal and loving,
What gifts have 'we' in store,
To make this New Year fruitful
As never was Year before?
Shall we help our toiling brothers
In the grace of the fleeting days?
Shall we work in the sight of the Master,
And fill the world with praise?

Since Yesterday's place is vacant,
And To-morrow is not here,
Shall we crown To-day with duty,
As we meet you, Little Year?
And thus shall our hearts be happy,
And a bit of heaven's own blue,
In the rose-time and the frost-time,
Come to our lives with you.

than I can. All that a boy who wants to—
for I truly do—can do and be in a year.'

His uncle gazed at the eager face with an affectionate smile.

'The practice of all that goes to the make-up of a noble character—'

'That's indefinite. A boy, you know, wants to get down to the real things.'

'That's right. Well, then, more kindness,

gentleness, and helpfulness toward all whom you love and who love you, or any with whom you come in contact.'

'Good,' said George, jotting down the points with his finger. 'More industry in study and all other work. More attention to all the small cares and neatnesses which go to make you more pleasant to others. More care and willingness in all the small duties you are

called on to do for others. More effort to be in all things sincere, generous, and noble. In short, to show yourself in all things a true believer of the Master.

'That gets it all in,' said the boy in a low voice.

'Yes. You need not be afraid to send before you a year so filled.'—'Sunday School Messenger.'

LITTLE FOLKS



A Motto for the New Year.

'The Best That I Can.'

'I cannot do much,' said the little star,

'To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beam cannot struggle far

Thro' the folding gloom of night!
But I am a part of God's great plan,

And I cheerfully do the best that I can.'



'EVEN I AM PART OF GOD'S PLAN.'

'What is the use,' said the fleecy cloud,

Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,

Tho' caught in her cup of gold,
Yet, I am part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can.'

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought like a silver thread,

Kept winding in and out all day
Thro' the happy golden head.

Mother said, 'Darling, do all you can

For you are a part of God's great plan.'

She knew no more than the glancing star,

Nor the cloud with its chalice full

How, why, and for what, all strange things were;

She was only a child at school;
But she thought, 'it is part of God's great plan

That even I should do all that I can.'

So she helped a younger child along

When the road was rough to the feet;

And she sang from her heart a little song

That we all thought passing sweet;

And her father, a weary, toil worn man,

Said, 'I will do likewise the best that I can.'

Our best, ah, children, the best of us

Must hide our faces away,
When the God of the vineyard comes to look

At our task at the close of day!
But for strength from above ('tis the Master's plan)

We'll pray, and we'll do the best that we can.

—Selected.

Little Dog Blue.

[For the Messenger.

'Little Boy Blue,

Come, blow your horn,

'The cow's in the meadow,

The sheep's in the corn.'

That is what the song says, but it doesn't say anything about the dog, so I'll tell you the story.

When Boy Blue was very, very small,

was working in the kitchen. He walked across the fields for a long way, till he felt tired, and then he lay down under a hedge, and went to sleep.

When he woke up it was nearly dark, and he didn't know the way home!

Poor Little Boy Blue was so frightened. He just sat down again under the hedge and cried for his mother, but she was too far away to hear him.

At last he heard something coming across the field. At first he was afraid,



and long before he was old enough to take care of the sheep, he went for a walk all by himself, while his mother but then he saw it was only the farmer's black collie puppy. After they had played a little while the puppy took Boy

Blue's hand in his mouth and tried to pull him up.

Boy Blue knew the farm was not far away, so he followed the puppy, and at last they came to the farmer's house.

The farmer and his wife were very kind, and after supper they took Little Boy Blue back to his own home, and his mother was so glad to see him back she didn't punish him at all. When Boy Blue grew up the farmer made him shepherd, and the collie puppy was grown up too, and helped to look after the sheep.

They called him Little Dog Blue, and every day when he had finished work he used to lie in the sun and listen to his master singing.

A Chinese Story.

This pretty little story is told of a spelling class in China:

The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying: 'No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart solly.'

That little act implied great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the quick remark—'He do all same as Jesus.'—Golden Rule.

A True Story of Two Lands.

(By Elizabeth M. Clark, in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

(Concluded.)

Another half-year had passed, and Dorothy, in her mission school, was unpacking a Christmas box from home. In the same room was sitting Choe, a silent, rather sulky child, one whom even the missionaries who could speak Chinese did not quite understand.

'I think I must leave Choe in your care this afternoon, Miss Hughes,' said the Missionary Principal, on going out. 'She will not make any trouble or noise.'

Dorothy almost wished that Choe would, but she went on with her unpacking. From near the bottom of the box she drew out a badly wrapped parcel, and unrolled a baby doll. Pinned on its dress was a half-sheet of paper, with straggling penciled words:

- 1 send evangeline.
- 2 be a mishernary.

Dorothy Hughes picked up the doll and kissed it.

'That blessed baby!' she exclaimed, but she meant Mary Louise, not Evangeline.

The bell rang, and Dorothy went down to see the visitors; it was nearly

one hour before she returned, but Choe was in the same place. Yet there was something different; she was holding Evangeline, and there was a new light of tenderness on her face; the doll had already begun to be a missionary.

It would be another whole story of itself to tell how Choe changed from that time, and how much the doll had to do with it. Choe was a strange little girl, 'difficult' was what the missionaries called her; she was so silent, and so stubborn by nature. But the doll-baby, Evangeline, seemed to bring out all the best side of her, and the missionary teachers, seeing this, used to let her play with the doll in her free time, and were very patient with her.

One day Choe went up to Miss Hughes and said, 'I am really a Christian little girl now, and I think I'd like an English name.'

'Yes, dear, and have you any choice?' 'I'd like—do you think I might be called—Evangeline?'

For a moment, Dorothy Hughes hesitated; it seemed strange to name a little Christian girl after a doll, but there was some reason for it that time, so she said:

'Why, yes—and remember always that Evangeline means the "bearer of good tidings."'

A whole year passed, and then came a great test to the Evangeline who had been Choe. Her father asked her to go back to her native village, and the missionaries told her about it, adding, 'You don't have to leave us, Evangeline; your father signed a paper when you came, promising to leave you in our care.'

Choe hesitated, 'I must think about it,' she answered.

Two days later she went to Miss Hughes. 'I have thought both ways,' she said, 'and I have no gladness inside when I think I will stay. I must go—so let me go soon.'

So this is the end of the story of Evangeline II.

EVANGELINE III.

It seemed as if Choe had nothing but hard work and hard times after she reached home. She could not worship the ancestral tablets, or prepare rice for the kitchen god. Her father tried to persuade; then to bribe; then to threaten, but all was to no purpose. She tried to tell him about her faith in Jesus, saying to herself, 'I must be Evangeline,' but he would not listen, and became very angry, indeed.

One day, when she had been at home less than two weeks, he came into the room with a bowl of rice in one hand and a long cloth in the other.

'Prepare this rice for the kitchen god,' he said, sternly.

'Oh, father, you know I cannot'—

'I shall leave you here alone for an hour; if you are not ready then to do it, I shall strangle you.'

All that hour Choe prayed for strength; at the end of the time her

father came back with the bowl of rice.

'Will you prepare this for the kitchen god?'

'Father, I cannot; I am a Christian, please don't ask me,' pleaded Choe.

'I shall leave you alone for another hour, and then if you will not obey, I shall most surely do as I said.'

At the end of the second hour Choe was waiting eagerly for her father to unfasten the door.

'Oh, please do it at once,' she said; 'please strangle me quickly, for I cannot think about it any more, and, of course, I cannot give up my Jesus.'

Her father looked at her with astonishment, but he said not a word; he fastened the door and left her alone all night.

The next day he let her out, and without a word of explanation took her back to the mission school.

The first person that Choe saw was Miss Hughes, who opened the door, and said:

'Welcome home, Evangeline.'

There is no end to the story of Evangeline III.

FOR THE LITTLE MOTHERS

A SEWING CIRCLE.

Who has not played the jolly game, 'Will you join Aunt Sally's Sewing Circle?' We have another sewing circle in mind—of little Aunt Sally and her friends sewing for their dollies. Don't you want to form a sewing circle, making new clothes to 'spruce them' for Christmas, and have patterns of your own like the big folks, only ever so much simpler?

Get four little girls to join you and collect five cents from each. Send the money to us or better still, get mother to send it for you, (twenty-five cents in stamps would do), and we will send to you five doll's pattern sets, very simple and easy to cut. They are all one size, for doll of 12 to 18 inches high, but you can cut larger or smaller to suit. Each set gives patterns for several garments. We select the styles from our stock; you distribute them to your little friends, and then the members of the club get together to sew, changing round their patterns so that all the dollies can share the styles. Wouldn't it be fun? Who'll be the first 'Aunt Sally?'

If you want these patterns you must write quickly, for we have only a certain number. They were so popular last year that we got all the maker had left, and when these are gone we can't get any more like them this season. Single orders for one set cannot be filled at less than ten cents, or two sets for fifteen cents.



This cut shows one set. No two sets alike in the five we send out to the 'Sewing Circle.'

Address your envelope Pattern Department, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Be sure to mark on the top of your letter, inside, the words, 'Aunt Sally's Sewing Circle.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

In Memoriam.

While We May.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such
crimes

We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may
be

Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place,
but dear,
Because the lips that spoke are no more
here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would
take

Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute.

Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the
way.

We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find.

We see them; for not blind

Is Love. We see them; but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be

Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes,—or even
less—

Remembrance to bless.

Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers,
Mistaken words to-night

May be so cherished by to-morrow's light.
We will be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—Selected.

A Permanent Treasure.

Last summer the attention of the civilized world was focussed on the Dominion of Canada, and in particular on Quebec, where the most wonderful pageants were enacted that the world has perhaps ever seen. Thousands upon thousands were there to see; thousands upon thousands enjoyed and still treasure the many pictures issued showing the various scenes in which King and courtier, soldier and citizen, Indians and pioneer settlers mingled in tableaux of almost unparalleled magnificence.

But pictures have their limitations, and for this reason we welcomed an opportunity to put before our readers a unique series of stereographs of the wonderful Tercentenary scenes.

Stereoscopes are no novelty; almost every family through the country has one (though we can supply those who have not), but not every family has a good set of stereoscopic views, in other words stereographs.

Now there are stereographs and stereographs. We have ourselves supplied stereographs that were exceedingly good in their way—we have them still for those who want them—but these new stereographs, made by a special stereoscopic camera with special lenses and on special plates, and with the very latest photographic methods are something wholly different.

As you look at them through the stereoscope you forget they are mere pictures, you forget even that you are looking at pageantry at all; it seems as though you must be an unseen observer of stirring scenes of long ago—and that the figures before you are liv-

ing, breathing, and all but speaking, men, women and children.

We believe the well-known Keystone View Company, with whom we have made these special arrangements, are the only firm that can supply stereographs covering the entire events of the Quebec Tercentenary, and these sets are being bought on every hand.

The full set comprises over a hundred views, but we have had a selection of six dozen made for our readers, comprising the best and most interesting of these really wonderful photographs, to which we can not do justice in words at all. You must see them to appreciate them. The set of six dozen we have again subdivided into twelve groups of six each, so that, though a full set may for the present be out of the reach of most people, at least half a dozen may be secured as a start for a collection. A study of the titles (full list on application) will show you how wide the range is and how well the selections have been made.

OUR OFFER.

We are prepared to give HALF a DOZEN of these stereographs, i.e., one group you select out of the twelve groups of stereographs, to any subscriber to the 'Messenger' on any one of the four following plans:

(1) For FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each

(2) For ONE GENUINE new yearly subscriber to 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at \$1.00, and ONE NEW six months' subscription to the same publication at 50 cents.

(3) For ONE GENUINE new subscriber to the 'Canadian Pictorial,' at \$1.00, and ONE NEW six months' subscriber to the same publication at 50 cents.

(4) For ONE GENUINE new yearly subscription to 'World Wide,' at \$1.50.

In any of these offers two six months' subscriptions may count as one yearly subscription.

CONDITIONS OF THESE OFFERS.

(a) All subscriptions must be for addresses in Canada (outside Montreal and suburbs); or for Newfoundland; or for the British Isles and other countries where no extra postage is involved. (For list of such countries see page 15.)

(b) A subscription claiming to be new must mean an actual increase in our subscription list—a subscription transferred from one person to another may not count as new.

(c) No one may count his own subscription in this offer, as that would require no effort, and the stereographs are a reward for work done.

After getting one set of six stereographs, you may get other subscribers in the same way and earn more groups of six views each, or if unable to get more subscribers you may purchase them from us at the regular rate of \$1.00 per each half dozen.

This is really a great opportunity. At present we make the offer open for the next two months, but we are not sure that we will be able to extend that time, so that we would strongly urge our subscribers to act at once. The premium will, we know, be a continual source of pleasure to the whole family.

Send the money to us by money order, postal note or registered letter.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

For the Sick Room.

SIMPLE RULES OF NURSING.—In every well-arranged house, says Clara Weeks Shaw, in her 'Text-Book of Nursing,' 'there ought to be an apartment especially fitted for the use of the sick.' Then she goes on to describe the requisites of such a room—'spacious, light, airy, clean and quiet,' quoting the Italian proverb, 'the doctor enters where the sun does not.' Growing plants and freshly cut flowers are advised also. 'Keep rocking chairs out of the sick room. Avoid clothes that rustle and shoes that squeak. Use a wooden rather than a metallic poker for the fire. If coal must be added, bring the necessary amount in a paper and lay it on the fire, paper and all, to avoid noise. Whispering in the sick room or just outside the door is one of the worst of the many distressing forms in which the solicitude of the patient's friends will manifest itself. These seem very small points to dilate upon, but good nursing de-

pends largely upon attention to details so apparently trivial that the average person would never think of them.' A 'natural aptitude' for nursing is mentioned as the most valuable basis for instruction in the work, though it 'will not take the place of the latter, nor will good intentions ever compensate for a lack of executive ability. Nursing is ranked as 'an art, the importance of which can scarcely be overestimated.' The crucial test of 'outside practice,' and one in which some of the most intelligent nurses and best ward-keepers fail, is the readiness with which a professional adapts herself to the habits and idiosyncrasies of the family she enters. This, declares the author of the present book, which is dedicated to 'the whole nursing sisterhood, in memory of the days when I was one of them,' is more convincing evidence of fitness for such a position than the most brilliant examination papers. 'Learn to nurse by reason rather than rule' is urged, and in the twenty chapters every conceivable subject that layman or professional would have to deal with seems to be touched upon in a helpful and instructive way. 'Beds and bed making, food and its administration,' including simple recipes for convalescents' diet and blank pages for additions, 'sick children' and 'emergencies,' are some of the sub-titles. 'Operation cases' and the more technical departments of the work of the trained nurse are also thoroughly dealt with. 'But, after all, the best doctors are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman,' quotes Mrs. Shaw.

Household Hints.

Soles for boots or shoes cut from old felt hats are most comfortable.

To prevent a cake from becoming heavy when taken out of the oven, always allow the steam to escape from it. This can be done by putting the cake on a wire meat stand.

Carpet beetles can be kept in check by a free use of gasoline. It leaves no stain; do not use it in a room with fire, nor enter for twelve hours with a lighted lamp or strike a match.

Soup will be as good the second day if heated to boiling point. It should never be left in a saucepan, but turned into a dish and put aside to cool. Do not cover the soup up, as that may cause it to turn sour.

The Blackest Sin of All.

A young man, being in deep distress of mind, applied to Dr. Goodwin for advice and consolation.

After he had laid before him the long black catalogue of sins that troubled his conscience, the doctor reminded him that there was one blacker still which he had not named.

'What can that be, sir?' he despondingly asked.

'The sin,' the doctor replied, 'I refer to is that of refusing to believe in Christ as a Saviour.'

The simple word banished his guilty tears. He soon found peace of mind, and became a happy and decided Christian. Happy are they who, like him, solve their doubts and lose their burden at the cross.—Selected.

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A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

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given free as a return for a little pleasant work in introducing our publication into new homes. Some of the old favorites for which there is a perennial call, also many new ones. Something to interest everyone. No limit to the number of premiums that one person may earn, so long as the required number of NEW subscriptions at FULL REGULAR RATES are sent in.

All premiums sent post-paid anywhere in Canada, unless expressly stated otherwise. Everyone relies on our premiums — quality good—each premium just what we say it is. 'Far better than we expected' is the universal verdict.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS are those who have not before taken the paper, or who, at least, have not been on our mailing list within the last two years; in short, whose subscription means a genuine increase in our circulation.

RENEWALS. Though all these premiums are calculated on the basis of NEW SUBSCRIBERS at full rates, we will accept renewals AT FULL RATES on the basis of TWO RENEWALS where ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION is called for.

CONDITIONS OF ALL PREMIUM OFFERS:

A. Subscriptions sent in for premiums may be for Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs), Newfoundland, the British Isles, or some of the postpaid countries mentioned in list on page 8; but not for other places, except by special arrangement.

B. A subscription claiming to be new must mean an actual increase in our subscription list—a subscription transferred from one person to another can not be counted as new.

C. No one may count his own subscription even if new, where a new one is called for, as that requires no work, and premiums are a reward for work done. Where renewals are called for it, one's one may be counted.

FOLDING POCKET SCISSORS.



Very handy for school use—or for the work bag. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

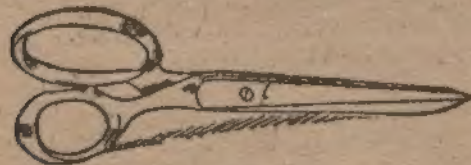
STAMP AND PAD FREE.

Any boy will be charmed with this rubber stamp, with his name and address on and self-inking pad; with care should last for years. Free for FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

SCHOLAR'S BIBLE.

A 'Minion' Bagster Bible—just the size for S. S. use. Free for THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

CUTTING SHEARS.



Indispensable to the home dressmaker. Eight inches long. Good tempered steel. Free to an old subscriber sending his own renewal at 40 cents and TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

CHILD'S TABLE SETS.

Three styles and grades of these attractive little sets, consisting of silver plated knife, fork and spoon in neat satinette-lined box. Will delight the little folks. A splendid Christmas present for the small brother or sister.



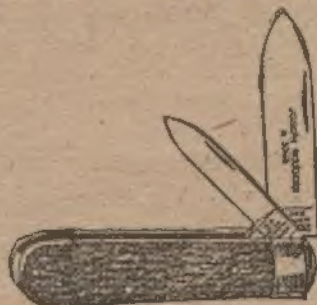
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No. 2: Red Riding Hood Set. Triple plate handle of Fork and Spoon illustrating the famous old nursery tale. Very attractive. Given for TWO NEW subscriptions at 40 cents each.

No. 3: Aberdeen Set—extra heavy plate—prettily chased design on handles. Given for ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions at 40 cents each.

THREE USEFUL JACK-KNIVES.

No. 1: A fine two-bladed knife, made by Joseph Rogers, Sheffield, England. The cut



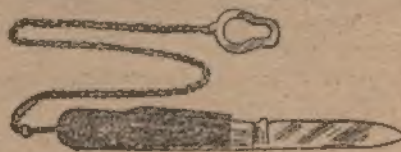
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No. 2: Only one blade, but extra large and strong, of fine tempered Sheffield steel. Pol-



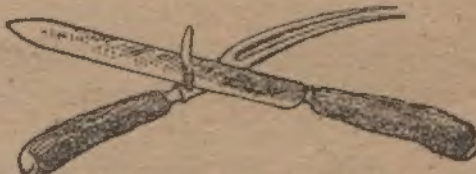
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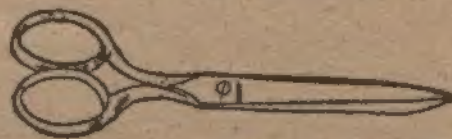
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A FINE SET OF CARVERS FREE.



No better gift to any housewife. Sheffield make; blade 8 inches long; fine tempered steel, buckhorn handles. Free for only ONE RENEWAL and FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

FIVE INCH SCISSORS.



Just the thing for the work basket. Celebrated Boker make—good quality steel. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.



As popular this year as last.

This year we offer a set of 3 pins in large or small size, as desired.

Large pins have word 'Canada' across the face; small ones have no inscription. All made of best hard enamel, beautifully colored.

One set either size for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

MAPLE LEAF BROOCH PIN.

One Maple Leaf Brooch Pin in colored hard enamel, with word 'Canada' across the face, given for only ONE NEW subscriber to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents (or Maple Leaf Stick Pin, if preferred.)

GIRL'S PEN KNIFE.



Very dainty—2 1-2 inches long, slender nickel handle, no pear' to break off, two blades. Free for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

SAFETY RAZOR.



If you've never used one, just try it. Can't cut yourself. A novice can handle it. 'Once tried, always used.' Each razor has twelve highly tempered blades, which can be honed and stropped if desired, so they will last for years.

Free for only SIX NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

KEEP THIS PAGE FOR REFERENCE.

MORE PREMIUMS.

LEATHER HAND BAG No. 2.—The stylish 'Squaw' bag (nine inches) in soft leather,



tan, brown, or black, cut leather fringe and ring handles. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

LEATHER HAND BAG No. 1.—A very serviceable article, in black only; imitation seal—



nine inches long—inside pocket, with small coin purse to match. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

SET OF TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

Handsome set of three combs, extra strong, rich brown tortoise, ornamented with brilliants.

Given for ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

LADIES' LEATHER PURSE.—The new 'Envelope' design, with two flaps and fasten-



ers—in black or brown leather, with finger strap. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents.

GOLD NIBBED FOUNTAIN PEN.

A very satisfactory fountain pen, guaranteed by the makers to be 14k. gold nib well hammered, ensuring elasticity and easy writing. Usually sold at \$1.50 to \$1.75. Given for only ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

REMEMBER! All the above premium offers are for absolutely new subscriptions at 40 cents each. Two renewals at 40 cents to count as one new subscription. Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample copies, and subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on application.

Remit the correct number of subscriptions for any of the above offers. Name your premium clearly and it will be sent at once. If short one RENEWAL, add 15 cents; if short one NEW subscription, add 25 cents.

Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—In any of the above offers one NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at \$1.00, will be taken as equal to two 'Messengers,' or one NEW subscription to 'World Wide,' at \$1.50, as equal to three 'Messengers.'

THE KING'S BOOK.

The 'Letters of Queen Victoria,' published in popular form by direct command of His Majesty, King Edward, is certainly the 'book of the year.' Three splendid volumes giving much of the private correspondence of our Late Beloved Queen, and taking the people into the confidence of Court and Cabinet as has never been done before. The work was issued first in 1907 at a price of over \$15.00. Now all can have the very same matter in three volumes, bound in crimson cloth and illustrated, at the very low price of \$1.50. Supplied from this office. The King wants all his subjects to have this work, and they will all loyally respond so far as at all possible.

Besides supplying it by mail to any of our subscribers for \$1.50, we offer it on a premium basis as follows:—

1. One set complete as a premium for SEVEN GENUINE new subscriptions sent in at 40 cents each to the 'Messenger.' (This offer could be used to secure it for School or Sabbath School Library.)

2. One RENEWAL and one NEW subscription and a set of the books to each subscriber for only \$3.50.

3. One RENEWAL and two NEW subscriptions and a set of books to each subscriber for only \$5.00.

Books will be sent carriage paid.

N.B.—The usual conditions govern this as all other premium offers. See another page.

Remit by money order, postal note or registered letter to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

A REMINDER

Our 'Messenger' readers should certainly, in planning for their reading matter for the coming year, consider carefully the various offers made elsewhere in this issue, as we think that in no other way can they get so much and such good quality of reading for so small a figure, and we would ask our readers not only to take advantage of these offers themselves, but to show them to others. Whenever you introduce a really good publication into a new home, you are setting in motion influences that will carry far beyond what you can at all imagine; and you are always safe in introducing the 'Witness' publications.

Special Club Offers

For one year.

Four copies of the 'Northern Messenger' to separate addresses, three of which are bona fide new subscribers for only..... **\$1.00**

The 'Northern Messenger' and 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' only... **\$1.20**

The 'Northern Messenger' and 'World Wide'..... **1.75**

The 'Northern Messenger' and 'Canadian Pictorial'..... **1.00**

The 'Northern Messenger' the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' for..... **1.70**

For all four papers see our Special Family Club, on page 15.

For brief description of these publications see "A Splendid Group" page 15.

If all our readers, that means if EACH one of our readers, will just show the 'Messenger' to ONE friend, it will almost certainly result in our getting a great number of additional subscriptions, and that will enable us to make the 'Messenger' better than ever for next year. **Remember, no other paper gives so much good and interesting reading and pictures for so small a price as the 'Northern Messenger.'** And its clubbing and premium offers surpass anything in sight.

And the other three publications associated with it in our clubbing offers are each in their way acknowledged by all to be the best and cheapest of their kind.

Every 'Messenger' reader should take advantage of one of these **Special Clubbing** offers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

'Witness' Block, Montreal.

LADIES' SUITS, \$7.50 to \$18.

Tailored to order. Beautiful Dress Skirts, \$3 to \$9; Winter Cloaks, \$5 to \$10. Send to-day for cloth samples and new style book. They are free.

SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Can.

COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE

We give you full instruction in this at home in your spare time. Text-books and all supplies free of charge. Costs you no more whether it takes you 3 months, 6 months, a year or four years to learn. We have over 100 courses in different subjects. Write for what you need.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, Ltd.
Dept. N. Toronto, Canada

FREE

GIFTS for all bona fide Offer.
P. O. Box 844.
Montreal, Can.

SEND \$1 Receive 5 Wool Remnants, suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 11 years. Give age, and we will cut pants free; add 25 cents for postage. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., 23 Coote Block, London, Ont.

Cleansing Clothes.

Sponging is very effectual in cleaning suits of serge, coating and similar materials which are only slightly soiled.

First thoroughly shake and brush the garment free from dust. Make a solution of spirits of wine and strong ammonia, in the ratio of 2 to 1. Lay the articles on a bare wooden table; with a clean piece of old serge or flannel dip into the mixture and apply to the dirty parts, rubbing vigorously.

Next dampen all over with a sponge wet in clean warm water, then dry. If the coat is now well brushed with a soft brush sprinkled with oil of cloves the gloss is entirely removed and the material will look like new.

Another way is to brush all over with weak gum water made with an ounce of best gum arabic and half a pint of boiling water. Pour the water over the gum and let it stand till soft; stir occasionally until quite dissolved; strain through fine muslin and bottle. This will keep for a long time.

To remove shiny patches mix a teaspoonful of powdered nutgalls in a cupful of hot water and apply as before.

Stains on silk collars and facings may be removed by the application of a piece of clean linen rag dipped in a mixture of lemon juice and turpentine.

Woolen collars can be freshened considerably if they are treated with ammonia and alcohol mixed with hot water in weak proportions.

To remove grease from coat collars and the glossy look from the elbows and seams rub with a cloth dipped in ammonia.

Turpentine and ammonia mixed will remove paint splashes effectually. If the stain be fresh it will disappear at once; if of long standing, saturate and let it remain for several hours, then rub off the paint.

**Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.**

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent); and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

**SEASONABLE APPAREL FOR MISSES' AND GIRLS'.**

2648.—Misses' shirt-waist, with high or low neck and with or without mikado bands.—This model is especially suitable for cashmere, voile, messaline or soft silk. Four sizes, 14 to 17 years.

2017.—Misses' shirt-waist, tucked in box-plait effect.—A serviceable model for everyday, developed in flannel, madras, linen, or soft silk. Five sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2636.—Girl's and child's kimono, with body and sleeves in one.—This garment is particularly pretty made up in soft cashmere, flannel or flowered challis. Six sizes, 2 to 12 years.

2644.—Misses' and girls' sailor suit, with or without yoke-facing.—The blouse is slipped over the head, having seamless shoulders in regulation naval style, and a removable shield, and the seven-gored skirt closing at left side of the front. This model is at its best developed in navy-blue serge, or flannel, with trimming of narrow black braid. Five sizes, 9 to 17 years.

2114.—Misses' seven-eighths length coat, with kimono armholes.—This is an excellent model for serge, cheviot, tweed or broad-cloth. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No., size, name of pattern, as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and addresses clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Way to Cook Eggs.

Nothing of the same bulk contains so much nutriment as eggs. They are easy to digest, and if fresh and daintily served will always be appreciated. They can be prepared on a gas or oil stove or in a chafing dish, which is an advantage to the woman who does her own cooking.

These recipes are recommended:

BUTTERED EGGS.—Place from one and a half to two ounces of fresh butter in a small, clean enamelled pan. When hot add to it one dozen of finely chopped mushrooms, a large

teaspoonful of chopped onions and a quarter of a teaspoonful of parsley. Fry for a couple of minutes, then break into the pan two or three eggs. Add pepper and salt to taste and stir one way until the eggs are thickened. Serve on squares of hot, well-buttered toast and send to table at once.

WELSH EGGS.—Place one ounce of butter in a small, clean stewpan. As soon as it melts slice into it a large onion and fry for three or four minutes. Then pour into it half a pint of milk and bring slowly to the boiling point. Thicken with one ounce of flour and one of butter kneaded together, and stir all one way until of the consistency of cream. Then add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, half a teaspoonful of finely minced parsley, pepper and salt to taste, one ounce of grated Dutch cheese. Make very hot, but do not allow the mixture to actually boil or it will curdle and be spoiled. Then supply four hard-boiled eggs cut into halves. Make hot again and add a little lemon juice. Serve on a very hot dish garnished with fried croutons.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.**ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

(Strictly in Advance).		
Single Copies		\$.40 a year
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A SPLENDID GROUP—TRY IT!

The 'Witness' For over sixty years unrivalled in the confidence of the Canadian public. Latest news, market reports, etc., financial and literary reviews, good stories, home and boys pages, queries, etc., etc. Valuable departments devoted to farming interests. A clean commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. (Send for a sample.)

'World Wide' A weekly reprint of the best things in the world's great journals. Reflects the thought of the times. Best cartoons of the week. The busy man's paper. Nothing like it anywhere for the money. Send for a sample.

'Canadian Pictorial' Canada's popular illustrated monthly. High grade paper, high grade pictures. Interesting to young and old alike. Many of its full page pictures suitable for framing.

The 'Northern Messenger' speaks for itself. A favorite for over forty years, and increasingly popular. A potent influence for good.

SPECIAL FAMILY CLUB.

'Weekly Witness and Canadian Home-stand' \$ 1.00
'World Wide' \$ 1.50
'Canadian Pictorial' \$ 1.00
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Worth..... \$ 3.90

All for one year, \$2.70

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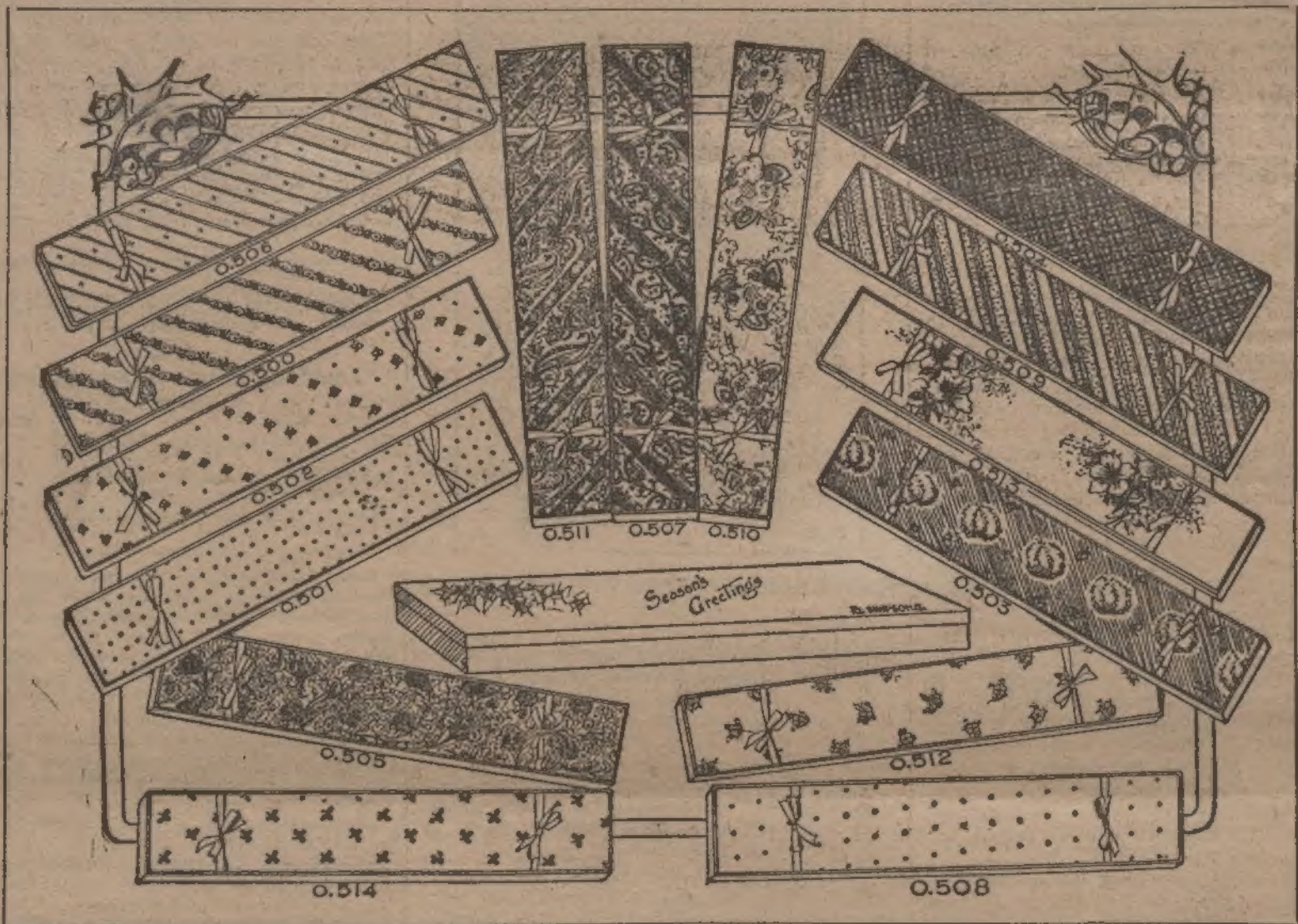
Any one of the group may be sent to a friend AS A GIFT subscription, if so marked.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Waist Lengths in Dainty Boxes

We have a host of these pretty and sensible Christmas Gifts—and they are none the less appreciated after. We would advise you to order as early as possible, while the assortment is unbroken.



0500. FINE MERCERIZED WHITE BROCADE VESTING, has all the appearance of silk and retains its lustre after washing, 3½ yards in box... **.98**

0501. REAL SWISS DOTTED MUSLIN, pure white hand-embroidered dots of various sizes, 3½ yards in box.... **.98**

0502. HAND-EMBROIDERED SWISS MUSLIN of very fine quality, eyelet designs, as cut, 3½ yards in box.. **\$1.50**

0503. DELAINETTE, pretty designs of pale blue, mauve, pink and Dresden figures, as cut, 3 yards in box .. **.50**

0504. PRETTY COTTON VOILE, dainty check designs, colors sky blue, navy blue and black, 3½ yards in box..**\$1.00**

0505. BEST FRENCH COTTON VOILE, Paisley design, most exquisite colorings in various Dresden combinations, 3½ yards in box .. **\$1.50**

0506. FINEST FRENCH WASHING CAMBRIC, hand-embroidered dots, colors black, navy, and blue stripes, 3 yards in box **\$2.25**

0507. WRAPPERETTE of fine quality Paisley and other designs of spots and figures, 3 yards in box .. **.40**

0508. CASHMERETTE of fine twill, best English make, spots and figures, grounds of the following colors, black, navy, cream, sky blue, red, green, etc., 3 yards in box .. **.50**

0509. SPECIAL STRIPED WAISTING CLOTH, looks like the best French Flannel, dainty designs of Dresden colorings, 3 yards in box .. **.50**

0510. ENGLISH VELOURS, fine velvety quality, pretty designs, as cut, in mauve, pink, sky blue, and red, 3 yards in box .. **.60**

0511. BEST GERMAN VELOURS, fine though heavy make, very best quality made, fancy Paisley striped designs of light or dark Dresden colorings, 3 yards in box .. **.90**

0512. DAINY FLORAL PRINTED ORGANDY, small and pretty designs of pink, sky, blue, yellow and mauve, 3½ yards in box **.50**

0513. DAINY SILK FLORAL ORGANDY, lovely designs of roses, chrysanthemums, petunias, daisies, etc., in the following colorings, pink, sky blue, mauve, yellow, burnt orange, etc., 3½ yards in box **\$1.50**

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Japanese Crepe

In a number of various designs and colorings, including white, champagne, sky, pink, black, mauve, cream and navy backgrounds, with large Japanese lanterns and floral effects for kimonos and dressing sacques, 30 inches wide **.25**
special value

Pretty Silk Dotted Mulls

In all the leading shades for evening wear. Colors pink, sky, helio, Nile, tan, brown, yellow, cream and black, etc., 28 inches wide, 65c, for .. **.39**

Plain Colored Cashmerette

Superior English quality, 40 inches wide, in the following shades, pale pink, rose, sky, navy, Nile green, cream, purple, bright red, cardinal, reseda, brown and black, 38 inches wide, special value, per yard **.15**

Our Handsomely Illustrated Whitewear Catalogue

will be ready for mailing just after Christmas. If you are not already on our list, don't neglect sending us your name and address on a postcard. That is all we ask for it.

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